SMITH'S REPORT

On the holocaust Controversy

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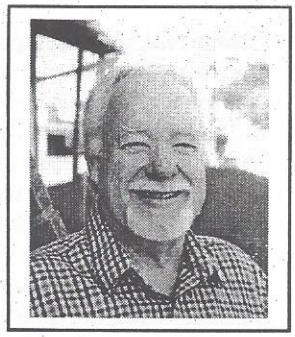

Supporting "The Campaign to Decriminalize Holocaust History"

Sombre Appraisal of Historical Revisionism A New Perspective

Robert Faurisson

[Robert Faurisson dedicates the following essay to those who contributed to the booklet "Exactitude, Festschrift for Robert Faurisson." Dr. Robert Countess asked if I would contribute to the collection along with the others mentioned, and I said of course I would. But I forgot. Robert has forgiven me many oversights over the many years we have known each other, so I suppose he will forgive me this one as well.]

02 February 2004 On the occasion of my 75th birthday, each of you contributed to this booklet a piece for which I cannot thank you enough. My gratitude goes first of all to the two Scandinavian authors who, I am told, had the idea of this initiative, and then to Germar Rudolf and Robert H. Countess, who took up the task of gathering these texts and publishing them alongside photographs, some of which are new to me.

I hope that none of the other contributing authors will hold it against me if I say that the article by Arthur Robert Butz has particularly captured my attention. I appreciate its discernment, keen insight and balanced character. It seems to me that his essay sheds light on my efforts, with regard either to their successes or their failures, a light that will let the reader better understand the intellectual adventure on which I have found myself carried off, as it were, since the 1960s and, especially, from 1974.

At this late hour in my life, the time appears right to draw up, with forthrightness, an appraisal of revisionism. I shall therefore expose here my feelings on what, not long ago, I still used to call "the great intellectual adventure of the late 20th and early 21st centuries", an adventure that seems to me to be approaching defeat, at least a temporary one. In the past I have never nursed illusions on revisionism's chances. Not for an instant have I ever believed in its imminent victory, and especially not in 1996 when, in the midst of the Abbé Pierre-Roger Garaudy tomfoolery, a weekly

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magazine, although quite hostile to us, announced on its cover "The Victory of the Revisionists".

Already in 1993, Serge Thion had produced in his *Une Allumette sur la banquise* ("A Match to the Ice-floe") a book whose title was free of ambiguity. The ice-floe was that of the dark, immense, cold block of generally accepted ideas, the match that of his own revisionist work. S. Thion thought then that neither the light nor the heat of his match risked illuminating or melting that huge mass of ice. For me, what was true of his attempt also true of all other revisionist writings. But, in my scepticism, I still did not go so far as to imagine the degree of disrepair that, in these last few years, the revisionism of the "Holocaust" has reached, especially in Europe.

In the early 1980s, Wilhelm Stäglich had confessed to me his pessimism regarding the future of our common endeavour. That upright man, a judge by profession, was mindful not to mislead anyone on the subject, above all not his close friends. It must be said that being German, he was well placed to take full stock of his country's defeat and of the victor's hold on things. He considered that the pitiless victor had annihilated not only a political regime — like all regimes a transient phenomenon — but also the very soul and substance of the great Germanic community.

Today Germany, disgraced, insulted and with whom still no peace treaty has been signed, seems to take a growing delight in recalling her alleged crimes. In truth, the people themselves can find no pleasure in the practice, but no one asks for their opinion.

In Germany and Austria the repression demanded by the Jews is so fierce and so meticulous that I do not see how revisionism proper might have any chance of success in those forlorn countries, which find themselves under even fuller submission to the Jewish thought police than the State of Israel itself. From this point of view, an intellectual or a historian is far freer in Tel-Aviv or in Jerusalem than in Berlin, Munich or Vienna.

I shall give only a broad sketch of the current state of revisionism in the rest of the world. Not one of the countries freed from the Communist yoke has an active revisionist author.

In Russia people are often anti-Jewish, but revisionism has not moved a single author to call into question the greatest myth of our time, that of an alleged "Holocaust" of the European Jews; from his vantage point in Moscow J. Graf may easily note this fact.

Spain has had no more revisionists since Enrique Aynat, her most brilliant, withdrew from the arena.

Greece no longer has any. Italy has only one revisionist author worthy of the name: Carlo Mattogno.

Belgium has hardly any, for Siegfried Verbeke has withdrawn from the fight and other revisionists are stricken by age or illness.

The government of Switzerland, where revisionism had nonetheless experienced a revival in recent years after Mariette Paschoud's abandonment, has employed the most radical means to kill it off.

The Netherlands has never really had any revisionists.

The Scandinavian countries have but a handful and in Stockholm the heroic Ahmed Rami is more and more isolated in the face of the forces of repression; following complaints and actions taken by Jews, several of his website addresses have recently been eliminated from the Internet.

Britain no longer has any revisionists, and certainly not in David Irving who, in recent years, has more or less rallied to Daniel Jonah Goldhagen's theory according to which the Germans have a natural propensity for evil, which would explain their responsibility in the so-called "Hitlerite crimes" (see *Adelaide Institute Online*, December 1996, p. 17). During his lawsuit against Deborah Lipstadt he did not wish to call on revisionists for help, and that cost him dearly: with a rather weak grasp of the subject, he lost his footing; he made manifold concessions; to give yet another pledge of good faith to his adversary, he invoked, as usual, the "Bruns document", a text devoid of the slightest testimonial value; physically robust, D. Irving gave the display of a fragile man.

"And in France?", one may ask. The answer is that in the land of Paul Rassinier, there are now no more than three or four of us involved in the business of research or production. If the father of French revisionism were to return to this world, he would be dismayed at seeing that he has admirers, of course, but barely a handful of followers ready to repeat after him, clearly and without the least ambiguity, that the Nazi gas chambers and genocide of the Jews make up one and the same historical imposture.

Still in France, it may be noted that the vile antirevisionist law, labelled "Fabius-Gayssot", no longer sees a single political personality apt to denounce it: Bruno Mégret has just let it be known that he believes in the "gas chambers" and Jean-Marie Le Pen, for his part, no longer calls for the repeal of a law that he formerly termed "freedom-killing". According to the latest reports, the law is set to be reinforced and J.-M. Le Pen dares not censure this impudent repeat offence against the freedom of thought and of research.

In the Arabo-Moslem world, whatever the Jews may tell us, revisionism has not found a lasting resonance and I am still waiting for a single Palestinian demonstrator to be allowed by his fellows to wave, instead of the inept placard with "Sharon = Hitler", a banner reading: "The 'Holocaust' of the Jews is a Hoax!" or: "Gas Chambers = Bogus!"

Australia's lone real revisionist is Fredrick Töben.

New Zealand is persecuting, as if he were still active, a half-Jewish semi-revisionist who has long since done penance.

South America has no more active revisionists to speak of. Central America has never had any.

The United States remains the only country in the world where revisionism meets with some success, but not without many setbacks as well.

In Canada, the foremost revisionist activist, my very dear friend Ernst Zündel, is in a high-security prison,

held in conditions worthy of Guantanamo Bay. In Japan, virulent Judeo-American interventions have cut short revisionist endeavours.

Communist China should hardly be expected to allow revisionism: the regime there fosters the myth of the Chinese as being a sort of "Jew", victim of Japan, a country formerly allied with Germany; it expects Japan in future to pay indemnities to China as Germany pays indemnities to the Jews, that is, by the billions and till the end of time; in harbouring such hopes it is asking for disappointment for, since in the eyes of the international community, only the Jews really suffered during the war and, on that account, only they have the right to bleed a defeated country white or to steal the lands and belongings of others, as they do in Palestine.

I shall perhaps be accused of defeatism. Some will remind me of revisionism's presence on the Internet, asserting that our fiercest adversaries are alarmed at the progress of revisionism there, a fact that, they will tell me, ought normally to give me solace.

On the subject of the Internet, I reply that the merits of this communication technique are undeniable. In future, it is in this quarter that the revisionists, chased out of all other forums, will have found their last refuge, although this area of freedom might well, under pressure of Jewish censorship, shrink away before long.

But it must also be admitted that the Internet, in keeping with the consumerist society, is something of a lure to ensnarement. It tends to give the illusion of activity both to those who manage websites and to those who visit them. It snows one under, it lulls. It keeps one glued to the screen. It numbs. Or else it incites to chatter. Too much daydreaming is done whilst gazing into the electronic aquarium. People give themselves the illusion of doing a lot for the cause but, ensconced at the desk, they are above all enjoying comfort.

They find refuge behind the screen or they drown in it.

They no longer take the risk of going before the prison gates or into the courtroom to support a revisionist in trouble.

They no longer distribute fliers or put up posters.

They no longer venture out where — not without physical risk, it is true — more could be learnt about the adversary, in the flesh: that is, at the congresses, conferences and demonstrations held against "Holocaust denial". They open their wallets for revisionists in need all the less as, on the Internet, they have made the effort of asking others to open theirs.

Thousands of e-mails carry the call for a general mobilisation outside a revisionist's jail, but the number of demonstrators in favour of E. Zündel near Toronto amounts, the first time, to a total of twelve (organisers included), and the second, to fifteen.

As to our adversaries' mad imaginings of the revisionist "beast" which, they claim, is steadily rising up and spreading its tentacles all the way to the primary schools and, in particular, to the younger generation of Moslem background, I reply that one must not be taken in by the show. The Jews have always been adept at crying wolf or at warning against monsters. As a habit, they lie about the numbers, the wealth and the power of those whom they hate and would like to see dead or in prison.

For them, the revisionists are the most unpleasant breed of being, and consequently, in more or less good faith, the Jews claim to detect the presence of the revisionist spectre in the slightest verbal divergence, the slightest noise, the slightest encounter.

In December 2003 two Jews, Alex Grobman and Rafael Medoff, published the results of their inquiry into what they call "Holocaust denial in the world"; in appearance, they have taken in a rich harvest; in reality, an attentive reader will become aware that the two authors have included the least hint and the least sprig of information on the subject: using anything that might come to hand, they have presented a picture of current revisionist activity worldwide that is largely devoid of substance and fact ("Holocaust Denial: A Global Survey 2003" at www.wymaninstitute.org).

In this respect the example of Lyon is eloquent. That city, with Paris, is the only one in France where revisionism has ever shone with any lustre (Nantes got talked about only with regard to the Roques affair which erupted in 1986). A perusal of the Lyon press in early 2004 might lead one to believe that France's second city was currently in full revisionist commotion.

The local media constantly bring up the supposed indulgence shown by the Universities Lyon-II and Lyon-III (especially the latter) to their "Holocaust-denying" ("négationniste") professors. But a close look will reveal that the number of these professors amounts exactly to nought. In reality the anti-Holocaust-deniers, taken with a near-volcanic fever, and having, for some time now, no longer had any Holocaust-denier to sink their teeth into, are calling one another deniers and tearing themselves apart.

The spectacle is, at bottom, quite informative: it demonstrates the extent to which, with the help of the media, monstrosities can be fabricated from nothing, not even an inception of existence.

Observe how today in Lyon revisionist bogymen are created and you will see how it was possible to forge the myth of the magical Nazi gas chambers, universally present in the mind and strictly absent from concrete reality.

In Lyon academics, journalists, politicians, in the face of repeated bursts of anger on the part of the activist Alain Jakubowicz, himself a lawyer, tremble at the thought of appearing suspect in the eyes of certain associations, Jewish or non-Jewish. Perpetually on the hunt and ever in a rage, this individual cries out incessantly against the scandal of Holocaust-denial and describes the state of things as if the city, former "capital of the Resistance" (which it never was), had suddenly become the "capital of revisionism" (which it assuredly is not).

And a whole array of imitators lend their voices to a choir of upholders of the law. In this choir one or two rightwing professors sing especially well: in the past, upon finding them-

selves being called "revisionists", they protested vehemently, brought lawsuits, won them, gloried in the success and now would just barely stop short of proclaiming themselves to be former soldiers in the anti-Holocaust-denial struggle.

In the entire Lyon region one may detect the presence of a sole revisionist, Jean Plantin. He by no means works at the University and he leads a particularly reserved existence. His main crime is to have earned, in the early 1990s, degrees in contemporary history which, following a public campaign, were taken away a decade later but which, nonetheless, had to be restored at the end of a legal battle finally won in January of this year.

It remains, however, that J. Plantin has been convicted for the publication of revisionist writings (a press offence!) and sentenced to six months' imprisonment without remission, a sentence that he will have to serve if, one day not very far off, the Cour de Cassation in Paris denies his final appeal.

When he had to go to court for his last hearing, we tried to find some young people in Lyon who might serve as escort. In a city of 1.2 million, we got hold of only one volunteer who, without giving any warning, pulled out at the last minute, on the very day of the hearing. His place had to be taken by a sixty-year-old. Who could fail to see here yet more proof, material and flagrant, that revisionism is in tatters? I shall refrain from relating other examples, just as disheartening.

I do not claim that the revisionism of the "Holocaust" is dead; it will never die. But its present state is worrying. The disaster appeared before me in its full extent in June 2002, during the last conference of the Institute for Historical Review (IHR) in Los Angeles.

Nine months previously, the Americans had had the traumatic experience of September 11th, 2001. At one blow, it seemed that the whole world had entered both the third millennium and a third world war. Simultaneously, as in a gigantic tracking out, the Second World War gave the impression of having impression of having abruptly vanished from the horizon. Historical revisionism, whose principal object was precisely that war which had then become so remote, seemed in its turn to be stepping aside, at least in part. A few months later, the IHR entered the final phase of a crisis which, one must admit, had long been endangering its existence.

Other revisionists have picked up the fallen torch. To all of them, without distinction, I wish success. They will have my support. Whether they are called, for example, Germar Rudolf, Walter Mueller, Horst Mahler or Heinz Koppe, they will find me at their side. But on the one condition that they fight for a revisionism like Paul Rassinier's, that is, forthright and whole.

The various forms of degenerate revisionism or of compromise do not interest me. I recognize that some of those among us practice a revisionism inspired by caution, tactic, strategy or by what they call the sense of responsibilities; but, for me, all that is only a kind of salon revisionism, pursued in comfort or in fear.

Some other revisionists care too much about what the Jews may think of them; should they in passing come across a Jew claiming to be familiar with the revisionists and who goes so far as to offer them his services, they nearly swoon: "O behold the wondrous Jew! The precious intelligence! The boundless courage! Whatever we do, let's not irritate this oh so exceptional Jew and, if he says he finds it futile to look into the reality or the non-reality of the gas chambers or the genocide, above all we mustn't contradict him but rather emulate his reserve!"

Still other revisionists (?), finally, set their heart on relatively inoffensive points of the history of the Second World War and its wake and imagine that they can write about individuals (Churchill, Pétain, Pius XII,...) or events (terrorism, the war waged against civilians, the deportations throughout the world, the trials organized by the victors...) without approaching the basic question of the reality or the non-reality of the "Holocaust". To these semi-revisionists I shall no longer be offering my participation.

There remains one last category of revisionists, those who find consolation in noting that previously little-discussed topics are now the subject of widely selling books; this is the case, for instance, for the positively atrocious history of the Anglo-American aerial bombardments in Europe and Japan; it is also the case for the abominable acts committed by the Allies during the segment of history that they have named "the liberation of nations" and that was nothing other than brutal occupation, enormous looting, immense deportations, a concatenation of massacres and a purge that goes on to this day, nearly sixty years after the end of the war.

But this type of literature, interesting though it may be, does not undermine the Great Taboo of the "Holocaust". On the contrary, it has thus far only performed the role of a firebreak for the taboo and, moreover, does not expose its practitioners to the risk of finding themselves in a high-security prison. Here again, let us not talk fiction to each another; we must not be put off the scent, and must avoid alibis.

"Adolf Hitler's weapons of mass destruction (the alleged homicidal gas chambers and gas vans) cannot have existed any more than Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction, for both are the stuff of one and the same fabrication initiated in 1944 by a Jewish front group (the War Refugee Board) and recycled in 2002 by another Jewish front group (the Office of Special Plans): same lie, same liars".

There you have the firm and plain stand, brought into line with the present circumstances, that I think a Paul Rassinier of today would adopt. As long as Germar Rudolf, Walter Mueller, Horst Mahler, Heinz Koppe and other revisionists clearly choose this attitude and stay the course, I shall be at their side.

The current calling into question of Saddam Hussein's alleged weapons of mass destruction gives them the unhoped-for occasion to renew the denunciation of the alleged *Destruction*

of the European Jews (title of Raul Hilberg's mendacious magnum opus).

Those true revisionists have a right to their own political or religious convictions just as I have a right to be apolitical and an atheist. They are free to choose their means of leading the struggle just as I have chosen mine. I ask no one to follow my example. I preach no doctrine and do not see myself as the custodian of any orthodoxy.

On the other hand, what I expect of them is that, without compromise and without misrepresentation, they serve the cause of historical revisionism with the same clarity and courage as Paul Rassinier. On that condition, I shall continue with them the combat to which I have already devoted at least thirty years of my existence. I am not a defeatist for, on the contrary, I prescribe an attack vigorously centred, or re-centred, on the Mother of all lies of our time: the imposture of the "Holocaust" or "Shoah".

Jean-Paul Sartre debased himself in lying about Communism: it seems he did so because he did not want to leave "Billancourt" (that is, the French working class) bereft of hope. Personally, I am not anxious to know whether what I write encourages or discourages my reader. What interests me is being and staying as exact as possible.

Such is the taste or the desire for historical exactitude: it persists even in the final hours of life, even whilst one is hoping for tranquillity that one has never known and even when all seems to say that it would be more reasonable to abandon a one-sided fight.

End

Well, a "somber" appraisal indeed. No matter how significant the work that has already been accomplished, the taboo against Holocaust revisionism is stronger than ever. And the taboo is being institutionalized with increased vigor.

Beginning in the mid-1980s, throughout the 1990s, and into the 2,000-2001 academic year, I had one success after another taking revisionism to the public. First on radio and television, then on campus and on the World Wide Web. I completed hundreds of interviews with radio, TV, and print journalists. I ran full page and quarter-page essay advertisements in student newspapers at university and college campuses all across America. By the end of the 1990s CODOHWeb was receiving 850,000-900,000 hits every thirty days.

At the same time, throughout the rest of the Western world, one nation after another was enacting legislation criminalizing Holocaust revisionism. In France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Israel, and Spain revisionism was specifically "outlawed," while revisionists in the Netherlands, Sweden, Poland, Denmark, Australia, and Canada were prosecuted under laws of "incitement," "hate," and other legal language that was purposely so slippery that it was difficult, if not impossible, to present a defense.

Canada was the most egregious example of these last, where Ernst Zundel was prosecuted and/or harassed by the State for thought crimes throughout the '80s and '90s, until last year when he ended up in an isolation cell in a Canadian prison, where he remains as of this writing.

During all those years I was creating so much publicity for revisionism in America, so successfully, that I did not take seriously what was happening elsewhere. I recall the 2002 IHR Conference that Faurisson speaks of. I remember the two of us standing at the railing of an interior balcony, overlooking the large lobby below, as he talked about his concerns that revisionism was being overwhelmed in Europe by politically driven prosecutions.

I couldn't disagree with any of the specifics that he mentioned, but at the same time I wasn't concerned for revisionism itself the way he appeared to be concerned. I had gained entry into campus newspapers, the off-campus print press, and radio all over America year after year for some fifteen years. I had a magnificent Web site on the Internet—CODOHWeb. Other revisionists in Europe and America had migrated to the Web as well. Revisionism in America was doing just fine. Revisionism on the Web was growing stronger every month.

And now I was going to finish *Break His Bones*, publish it, and take it to media and the campus. I felt certain I could do this. I would promote *Bones* into a best-seller and take revisionism back to the campus and to mainstream media, and within the next year revisionism in America and on the Internet would get a unique shot in the arm.

I was so confident of what I would be able to do that I opted out of the Campus Project as I had run if for the previous nine years, and gave up the funding that I had for that project. Some time before, the two men who had run CODOHWeb for me had left the project for family and business reasons. They had carried 95 percent of the entire project. I bade them a fond farewell. I was going to finish my book and make it a best-seller and find myself back on top of my game again with something fresh and interesting, something that would speak to ordinary people everywhere. I really had no doubts.

I overlooked two matters that were staring me in the face. One was that the Institute for Historical Review, which had been the solid center for revisionism in America, and internationally as well, but which had

been increasingly ineffective over the past few years, was about to enter into a precipitous decline. The other matter that I did not take seriously, even as Faurisson was explaining it to me, was that the move of the European governments against revisionists and revisionism was suppressing, choking off, new revisionist research. There are only so many men and women in any field who are willing to give up everything, including family and career, and risk prison, to investigate an historical question when it is not integrated into a specific political or religious movement.

Faurisson, living in what, with respect to revisionism, is a police state, took "Europe" more seriously than I was taking it. He was looking at the "big" picture with a sophisticated eye, while I was looking at it as something of a rustic, a man from the "colonies" as it were. In short, while I was aware of what was going on everywhere, I didn't really understand the significance of what was going on everywhere.

Today it is very sobering to look back over the last couple years. In Europe, the criminalization of revisionism continues to grow. In America the effectiveness of the IHR continues its decline. As for myself, while I did finish *Bones*, and while I did publish it, I have found that doors that were once open to me on campus, and on radio, are closed. The "environment" for revisionism has changed.

I don't know how much the attacks on New York City and Washington affected the environment for revisionism, but about that time something was either was already changing or began to change then. We were all distracted by the attack on Afghanistan, the ongoing intifada against Israel, the war in Iraq, and the "terror" attacks around the world where, in almost every instance (I cannot think of one exception) ordinary citizens were killed because of policies instituted and enforced by their rulers.

Nevertheless, I have to face up to the fact that I was innocently confident in my abilities to break through onto the campus and into media with *Break His Bones*. It was either an innocent confidence, or a spell of egomania, where I thought I would be able to do what I had done so many times before because—I had done it so many times before.

Things change.

I won't go over the whole laundry list here of the errors of judgment I have made, the lack of foresight, the poor planning and so on and so forth. That has come, and gone, and here we are now.

April is upon us. I have speaking dates booked at three universities during April. And then there is the Sacramento conference being organized by Walter Mueller. The university dates are not where I expected them to be, but you will be pleased. In April, finally, I will find out a good deal about what I am going to be able to do on campus, and something of what I will be able to do on radio and with the off-campus press.

I will have been criticized by some of the best and the brightest. They will tell me, very forthrightly, by their reactions to what I have to say, whether they want to hear it or not. I will find out in April how I can best move about, what the hidden expenses are that I have not predicted, how best to work with volunteers on the ground.

This will be my first opportunity in many months to help kick-start a buzz about *Bones*, which I failed at last year. Again—promoting *Bones* is promoting revisionism because there is no light between the two. If—do I dare say "when"—I pull this one off, I could be on the road to making *Bones* the best-seller that I believe it can be.

April—what will it be? A new beginning, at last, or "the cruelest month" of all? I don't know. But I look forward to it with curiosity and enthusiasm.

Ernst Zundel writes from his Canadian prison cell

Dear Bradley:

Somebody sent me Smith's Report #103, Febr. 2004, from which I see you are still with us and that David Cole has rejoined the world. I was always sure that he would! I would have bet money on it, and I predicted it to Ingrid many times over the last few years! Give him my regards, please! Tell him that if anyone can understand the pain of his journey, Ernst can, and always did from day one!

Some of my close advisors and friends thought I was besotted by that young man David Cole—I was not! I recognized from day one, not only a keen, discerning intelligence, but also insights far deeper than one would expect from a young man like he was then!

Since I was victimized by the same circles, even the same individuals, I knew from first hand experience what David was enduring. He had told me about his family situation, health considerations, living circumstances, etc. That's why I was not surprised by what he said, did, and wrote! But I knew he would overcome all these obstacles and would be back, unbowed, and uncovered—more than we can say for men twice his age and twice his size!

About revisionism—many in our circle lament the doldrums about where "gas-chamber revisionism" seems to be in the Western World. So what? WWII revisionism is making strides—even the Korean and Vietnam wars are being examined by BIG wheels and actors like McNamara. War crimes by the U.S. are courageously exposed by mainstream media like "The Blade." It's only a matter of time—and the Holocaust will get its share of attention.

Informed people the world over know that it's a money making racket, a hoax and an industry for con men and crooks. The rest of the goyim—let them die in ignorance. To some, ignorance is bliss. What would they do with the truth if they knew it? Noth-

ing! All the best! To you and David both.

Ernst Zuendel.

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This letter was written in pencil, on both sides of a small piece of lined paper from a cheap tablet. The writing fills up the entire page on both sides. There is no white space on either side of the text, nor on the top or bottom. It's as if every fraction of an inch of space is valuable to the author. Not one additional word could be written anywhere. At the same time, there are no corrections in the text, no words erased, no word crossed out and replaced. He set it down and mailed it out.

You can write Ernst at

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Ernst Zundel is rather more sanguine about the progress and prospects for revisionism than Robert Faurisson is. I more or less agree with the drift of how Ernst feels. That is pretty much the way I have felt for some time now—particularly since 9/11.

Yet the revisionist situation as outlined in Faurisson's Sombre Appraisal is devastating. When I first read it I was drawn back to the night 25 years ago when, alone in my apartment in Hollywood, I read the first revisionist text I had ever seen—Faurisson's "The Rumor of Auschwitz: The problem of the Gas Chambers." It was a deeply dramatic, almost traumatic, experience.

When I read Faurisson's *Sombre Appraisal*, I felt something of what I had felt that long-ago night in Hollywood. This time I was not excited by what I read. The drama of the exposition played itself out with an inexorable darkness. There was no sense of the traumatic, or danger. I'm beyond trauma and the rest of that stuff. This time it was as if I were seeing fate itself. For a moment I saw an image of myself on top of a plateau, walking on a dirt road that went straight through a dark, lifeless landscape. There were no turns, no crossroads, no light, no promise of either reward or failure. Only the road itself, and my understanding, somehow incomplete, that it is my fate to follow it.

When I have the chance to visit with Ted O'Keefe, sooner or later we get around to the ever-present matter of how revisionism is faring, what new research is being done, what issues are there to be addressed from the unique perspective of revisionism. There is always the sense that things are not going all that well, particularly
since the decline of the influence of the IHR. The picture is very different from the 1980s and '90s, when it looked like revisionism was going to be everywhere (but was already faltering in Europe due to increasing State censorship).

Here is how O'Keefe responded:

Revisionism and Holocaust revisionism have been in the doldrums lately, but the situation is far from hopeless. I'm surprised that revisionists in the tradition of Barnes, Beard, Martin, et al. haven't more effectively linked the propaganda, lies, abuses, and miscalculations of the current War against Terror (and Evil) to their precedents in WWs I and II.

Publicists from all sides are effectively skewering the missing WMDs etc., but nearly all write as if this is the first time such things have ever happened (with such anodyne exceptions as the Tonkin Gulf incident, etc.).

Re Holocaust revisionism, we've got the other side on the run on the central question of homicidal gassings. Now is not the time to stop, but rather to continue research (see, e.g., Mattogno and Graf, and Renk's recent article on the holes in the roof of Birkenau Krema II), and to better organize and publicize existing research.

Our researchers need, too, to intensify work on the question of Eastern front shootings with the same akribeia [precision, exactitude] *that has carried us so far forward with the gas chambers.*

Finally, over the last ten years there's been a big drop-off in the quality and quantity of revisionist organizations effectively publishing and publicizing their work to their supporters.

Not merely new books and videos, but effective, upbeat ads, fundraisers, and newsletters that appeal to the heart, as well as to the head, are imperative if steady support is to be maintained by "rank and file" revisionists, and if new recruits are to replace those that have dropped out or passed on.

All doable, but hard work (did we ever think winning would be easy?).

O'Keefe's first paragraph relates directly to one of Faurisson's most dramatic and daring assertions in his Sombre Appraisal.

"Adolf Hitler's weapons of mass destruction (the alleged homicidal gas chambers and gas vans) cannot have existed any more than Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction, for both are the stuff of one and the same fabrication initiated in 1944 by a Jewish front group (the War Refugee Board) and recycled in 2002 by another Jewish front group (the Office of Special Plans): same lie, same liars".

While I would not phrase it exactly that way—I would not say "cannot"—the thrust of the assertion is audacious, and very suggestive, and probably goes to the heart of much of the strife that the U.S. Government has saddled Americans with over the last half century and more.

Anyhow, I think we all understand that a great deal of revisionist work remains to be done to get revisionism into public consciousness—that in fact "revisionism," and the need for it, never ends.

This brings me to another matter brought up by Faurisson in his Sombre Appraisal

Faurisson wrote:

On the subject of the Internet, I reply that the merits of this communication technique are undeniable [....]

But it must also be admitted that the Internet, in keeping with the consumerist society, is something of a lure to ensnarement [....]People give themselves the illusion of doing a lot for the cause but, ensconced at the desk, they are above all enjoying comfort.

[....]They no longer take the risk of going before the prison gates or into the courtroom to support a revisionist in trouble.

They no longer distribute fliers or put up posters.

They no longer venture out where—not without physical risk, it is true—more could be learnt about the adversary, in the flesh: that is, at the congresses, conferences and demonstrations held against "Holocaust denial" [....]

I agree that there is every reason to continue to employ the Internet and the World Wide Web to promote revisionist arguments. I will continue to do so to the best of my ability—my financial and organizational abilities.

But it's time for me to go out before live audiences, to distribute important outreach literature on campus, or flyers and posters as Robert has it. To speak to students and professors and journalists "in the flesh," again.

We have developed what I believe is the most promising outreach document ever used by revisionists. It's headlined **The Campaign to Decriminalize Holocaust History.** I wrote about it in SR103. It's a 20-page document addressing: Free Speech, The Value of Dissident History, and Open Debate. There is a Foreward, a Conclusion, and two full pages of references.

In the last ten days you should have received a "mock up" of the full 20 page document. This is the document that I will pass out on campus before I speak, and after I speak. I will get it into the hands of media before the talk, after the talk, and every time and every place where I think it will help get us a good story.

If you have not received your copy of this outreach document, drop me a line or ring me up.

VOLUNTEERS

Last month I made an appeal for volunteers to help with the work. I received many replies. Some of you volunteered to do specific tasks, others volunteered to do whatever was needed and would wait for my call or communication.

Please Note: I have not yet replied to some of you, particularly those who volunteered via USPS letter. You are not forgotten. I will get back to everyone. I do need your help.

The primary work over the next six weeks is, first: to raise the money to print at least 10,000 copies of the 8 ½ x 11, 20-page outreach document that you should have to hand. This has to happen AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. Or, IMMEDIATELY!

The cover of the document will be printed on 30lb bright white with a red border on the outside of the front and back covers. The inside will be on newsprint, following the format of the original issues of *The Revisionist* that created so much press for us when I paid to have them inserted into student newspapers around the country. I am using newsprint because it is the most cost-effective medium for print available.

I should add that the formatting of the document that you have received has been tweaked substantially and it is even better looking that what you have to hand.

The second part of the work that I can mention here is that I must have the resources to travel around the country during April. I must have a significant input of funds to pay for renting a car (my '93 Hyundai just won't make it). This is the time to go the extra mile financially. Some of you have contributed only recently, but if you can see your way through to putting some more funds into the pot, this is the time when it is most likely to do the greatest good.

Please take a chance with me at this time. I will be at three universities in April, and perhaps four (the fourth is not yet confirmed). This is not a project that begins and ends during the month of April. It is an effort that will lay down the parameters of the project over the next two years. Maybe longer. A lot is riding what I accomplish now. A whole lot. How much I get done is riding significantly on how much support I receive at this critical time. The time is come, as they say.

If you can't do any more, you just can't. If you can, however, I think you understand—it has to be you. There is no one else.

Bradley

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